

## How to Train your Bird Kid

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Category: Maximum Ride

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Fang, Max

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-12-25 23:40:32

Updated: 2012-12-25 23:40:32

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:14:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,409

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Based on How to Train your Dragon. The town Ursa faces a unique problem. Where other towns have rats or snakes as pests, Ursa has mutants. Max, the leader's daughter, is the misfit. When Max forms a bond with an avian, the most feared mutant of all, she realizes that everything they know about mutants is wrong. Then she breaks the biggest rule of all. She falls in love with one.

## How to Train your Bird Kid

\_\*\*New Story! YAAYYY\*\*\_

\_\*\*Chapter 1\*\*\_

\_\*\*Max's P.O.V\*\*\_

Yo. Name's Maximum Ride but everyone calls me Max. My town, Ursa, is an... interesting place to live. Just like other places, we have school, jobs, kids and adults. What makes us different though is our pests. Most places have spiders, rats, or mosquitos, but we have mutants.

The story starts back before our first ancestors settled Ursa. A large science lab used to be the only inhabitant on the island. The scientists experimented on animals and humans, genetically combining and mutating them. One day, decades ago, the lab mysteriously blew up, allowing all of the mutants to escape. They have been attacking our village ever since, stealing our food, killing our people, and destroying our buildings.

In this village, killing a mutant is everything. It's a rite of passage and a reflection on status. Because of the constant attacking, we need to be trained to kill mutants. All Ursans are large and muscular. They all are buff except for me. I'm the odd one out. I'm short (compared to everyone else) and scrawny. No matter how much I eat, I can't seem to become any larger.

As mentioned before, the village is constantly under attack by mutants, like now for example. I took a deep breath. Today was going to be the day I would kill my first mutant. Most seventeen year olds had already killed plenty of mutants, but like I said, I'm the odd one out. People were convinced that I didn't belong, but I was going to show them.

Killing a prancer (a reindeer mixed with a moose) would at least get me noticed. Yellow widows (yellow jackets mixed with black widows) are tiny yet mighty. They would definitely get me attention. Snakeheads were scary and killed a lot of people per year. They would probably get me a boyfriend.

The true monster though, the one that only the most powerful Ursans go for is the clawser, a lion that is stronger, as faster than a cheetah, and as intelligent as man. The mutant that I was after, the one everyone was truly after, however, was the avian.

Avians are modified humans that can fly. They are unimaginably fast, strong, and when they have a target, they never, ever miss. The one avian blur I had seen, had the ability to shoot fire from it's hands. It had single handedly set almost half the village on fire.

At the moment, I was running down the streets of Ursa, barely dodging mutant attacks and ignoring all of the villagers yelling at me to get inside. Turning around to flip someone off, I ran into the leader of our people, Jeb.

"Max, what the hell are you doing out here? Get inside." He shoved me towards the bread shop I worked at while kicking a snakehead in the chest. There were many rumors and legends about Jeb. Like one for example, was how he killed a clawser when he was only four years old by strangling it with his bare hands. The question was, do I believe it? Absolutely.

"Nice for you to join me." Anne grumbled when I walked into the shop. Anne was the owner of the shop. I had been her apprentice since I was eight.

"I should be out there Anne."

"You wouldn't last a minute. The mutants would eat you by then."

"They wouldn't know what to do with all this... This muscle. I'd be way to tough and hard for them. It would be like chewing rocks."

Anne looked at my body. "They need toothpicks you know."

"Anne, I'm serious."

Anne sighed. "Max, you're not strong enough to knock out a mutant, you can't shoot a bow and arrow, you can't even through one of those." she gestured at an Ursan throwing a net and effectively trapping a prancer.

I walked over and stroked my baby. "I know Anne, but this could throw it for me." My baby was a machine I had created that could throw

nets.

Anne shook her head. "Whatever Max. I need you to man the fort. They need me out there. Don't you dare step foot out of this shop." Anne ran out of the shop and unstrapped the knife that was always attached to her belt. I looked out of the window and saw all of my classmates from school getting ready to sneak up on a snakehead and set it on fire.

"Their job is so much cooler than mine." I muttered. Once they lit the snakehead up, there was a whole inferno of flames and they were walking away like the cool kids they were. There was Iggy, Lissa, the twins Angel and Gazzy..., and Dylan. Oh Dylan. He's the most beautiful human being that has ever walked this planet.

I made up my mind. I was going to impress Dylan today. Good thing my baby had wheels. I wheeled it out the door and started sprinting towards a spot that had a clear view of the night sky. The normal chorus of get insides didn't upset me, as usual. But something else did.

Everything was quiet like the calm before a storm. Suddenly there was a flash of purple and the top of a house exploded.

"AVIAN!" A townsperson roared. This was my chance. When I finally got to the place I was looking for, I aimed my machine upwards.

"Come on. Come on. Give something to shoot at." I kept muttering over and over again. The gods seemed to like me today because I saw a faint streak in the sky. It was enough though. I shot the net at the avian and soft plunking noise gave me the hint that I hit it.

I turned triumphantly. "Did anyone see that?" There was a growl that came from behind the trees, and I ended up face to face with a clawser. I let my shoulders sag again. "Besides you." Apparently the thing didn't understand, because it growled and charged. Yup, time to go. I had a small head start, so I screamed and ran.

I hid behind a tree, hoping the clawser would lose interest. The clawser clawed at the tree I was hiding behind. Then, I heard its growl from next to me, assuring me that the clawser had not forgotten. Just as it was about to lunge at me, something else tackled it. It was Jeb. I gulped. I was in so much trouble.

Jeb took out his axe and slammed it against the clawser's head. The clawser's blood splattered everywhere. The tree that it had clawed now started to creak and lean to the left until it finally fell onto somebody else's house. Everybody was glaring at me, especially Jeb. Oh, and there's one more thing you should probably know about Jeb.

I winced. "Sorry about that, Dad." Yes, Jeb was my father.

"Max, what were you thinking. How many times do I have to tell you to stay inside."

"I'm sorry Dad. You know, when I see a mutant, I just have to... kill it."

Dad sighed. "You're a lot of things Max, but a warrior is not one of them."

"Okay, but I hit an avian."

Dad rolled his eyes and started dragging me away by my wrist. "It landed somewhere by the creek. We should get a search party by morning to retri-"

"Stop!" Jeb had turned around and was now facing me. "Can't you see that I have more important things to do besides babysit you all the time. It's almost winter, and I have a whole village to feed."

"But Dad-"

Dad cut me off again. "No. Anne, take care of her. I have work to do." Anne came out of nowhere and pushed me towards my house. When we passed the other teenagers in my class, they all started laughing at me except for Dylan who just stared at the ground.

"Way to go Max." Lissa sneered.

"Yeah. I've never seen anybody mess up that badly." Iggy added.

"Thanks guys. I try." I muttered. They all laughed even more, but shut up when Anne gave them a glare.

"I hate him. He never even listens to me. And when he does bother to look at me its with that disappointed stare." I imitated my dad's voice. "I wanted a child who killed mutants as soon as she was born. Not this... This disappointment."

"Max. You're thinking about this all wrong. Not everybody in this town needs to be a warrior." Anne tried to console me.

"Well, the only people with an actual status are warriors. I just want to make my father proud."

"Well, if you want to be a warrior you're going to have to change all of... this." She gestured at my body.

I rolled my eyes. "You just pointed to all of me."

"Exactly. Change all of you, and you'll be fine. Now get inside, and try not to make you're father any more upset than he already is."

"Whatever." Anne turned to leave. I turned around, making sure she was gone, and ran through the backdoor. I was going to find my avian.

\_\*\*Jeb's P.O.V\*\*\_

All of the warriors were gathered in front of me, waiting to start the meeting. I cleared my throat. "This is the seventh attack we have had in a month. We need to find the root of this problem and destroy it. I'm asking for one more voyage before preparing for winter."

The crowd was silent until there was a whole uproar. "It'll take too many resources."

"It can't be done."

"Many of us will be killed."

"It's too big of risk."

I rubbed the bridge of my nose. I should have known that I wouldn't win any support. "Okay. Anybody who is staying will be in charge of look after Max." There was a loud chorus of 'I'll come'.

"That's more like it." I stepped off of the podium.

"I guess I'll start packing then." Anne said from behind me.

"No Anne, I need you to stay here and train some new recruits."

Anne sighed. "Yeah. I guess I have to take care of Max too."

I rubbed my forehead again. "Oh Max, what am I going to do with her? She's so different. When I was a boy, I always listened to my mother and father. Sometimes I wouldn't understand what they were saying or thought it was crazy, but I still did it. Even as a boy, I knew that what I had to become and how to achieve it. Max is not like that."

"You can't stop her Jeb. You can only help her."

"How am I supposed to help her?"

"Put her in training."

I always valued Anne's opinion, but this seemed crazy. "Are you insane. She wouldn't last a minute."

"You don't know that."

"Yes, yes I actually do."

"No you don't. Like I said Jeb, you can't stop her. She's going to get out there, hell, she's probably out there right now."\*\*\_

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\*\*\_Max's P.O.V\_\*\*

I looked down at my map. If I was right, I should be about two feet away from where the avian landed, but alas, no avian. Oh god. I thought, I am the only person in the world who manages to lose a person with wings. I looked around for a few more minutes. Just as I was about to give up, I saw a tree with a broken branch. Looking down, there was a trail of sunken ground,

The avian must have slid through here. I followed the path, down to a pond which the stream emptied out in. There it was. I gasped when I saw it. I mean him. If he didn't have wings, he would have looked like a normal human being. A beautiful human being. He had tan skin that didn't have a single blemish to it. His hair was pitch black and shoulder length with bangs that reached his eyebrows. His eyes were closed and he looked as if he was sleeping. Long, black eyelashes cast a shadow across his high cheekbones. He looked like a god and

made Dylan look like Mr. Potato Head. Then, there were his wings. They were so black that they looked purple in the sunlight. They seemed to easily go fourteen feet across, but they were all tangled in the net.

"Yes!" I screamed after I got over my initial shock. "This changes everything." The avian stirred, hearing me scream. I couldn't help but gasp when I saw his eyes. They made the night sky look less beautiful. They were pitch black with a gold dot in the middle. I felt like I was drowning while looking at them. I shook my head, snapping out of my trance.

"I'm going to kill you mutant. I'm going to cut off your wings and bring them to my father." I said while raising my dagger above my head. The mutant actually looked scared for a few seconds. Then he, closed his eyes as if getting ready to die. I closed my eyes and willed my hands to bring the dagger down to his heart. They wouldn't listen to me. I just couldn't bring myself to kill this beautiful creature. I let the my hands fall to my head.

"I'm a moron." I muttered. I started cutting the net open. I wasn't aware of the avian getting his hands ready to pounce. The moment I cut open the net, the mutant had tackled me, hand around my neck, and pushed me against a rock. I looked into his eyes. Those beautiful, endless, black eyes were now filled with burning hatred. I closed my eyes, preparing myself for death.

\*\*Okay, so I started a new story I know. How to Train your Dragon is one of my favorite movies, and I think it fits in well with Maximum Ride. It's going to be different than the movie though. I hope all of you like it. Please Review. \*\*

End  
file.